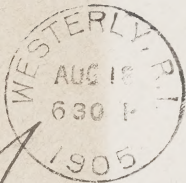


Private.



not at home

Miss Marion E. Dwyer

48 Rockland St.

New Bedford
Mass.

R0410

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199.

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270.

P.S.
Pat has gone to
Lawrence. Got a
message on Wednesday
that his wife is dying.
Left here then to let
done the rest of week.
Message today from
him that his wife
is still living but
very weak and
sinking rapidly.
I am so sorry for
her she is so young
and for them all.

My dear Marion.

29 William St.
Westerly R. I.
August 18th 1905

I want to thank you
for your kind letter and its
expression of sympathy from
all of you. Believe me, every
word from our friends helps to
bear our sorrow.

My great regret is that I did
not get to see my darling Mother
before she died. I had been ready
to go for some weeks, but was
waiting until she and my sister
should get to Milltown, and
planned to get there about the

to Brookfield to see her instead of planning to see her in Milltown. When my sister wrote me that Ma was much worse, I was sick in bed for some days, and was unable to travel even when I did feel better. I sent a telegram and my sister answered telling me not to go, Mother was dying then, and my brother Gerard was there, so I knew Mary was not alone. But oh Marion dear, she lived almost two weeks after that, and suffered terribly all the time. I had planned as soon as I was able to be about to pack my things and start on Saturday but had a letter from Mary asking me not to go unless I felt real well, as I could not help with the nursing as they had to lift her and change her position constantly, and they were

same time they should arrive.
They were at Brookfield, N. S. when
dear Ma died. They were boarding
with friends there. at the home
of the nurse who cared for my
mother, so she had the very
best care possible. We lived in
Brookfield until ~~after~~ I was married,
and all of us were home there,
except my sister who is the first
born child. Ma had many very
dear friends there, and I think
they nearly all went to see her
when she arrived there. I find now,
from letters which friends have
written me since her death, that
none of them thought she would live
to get to Milltown, much less to
Winnipeg. But I did not know
that or I certainly would have gone

crowded for sleeping accommodations, and that Ma would not know me and I could not do any one any good, by going. It was very hard for me to stay here after I felt better able to go. But had I started that Saturday, I could not have been there before ~~her death~~ ^{she died}, as she died on Sunday night, July 30th. She is out of her suffering now, and at rest, beside my dear Father, who is buried at Brookfield. They were sweethearts always and it is where she would like to be, beside him.

God knows best, and He is always kind. Perhaps that is why he took her while she was there and could rest with dear Pa. For life has never been the same to her since he died, though she kept up so bravely and was so bright for the sake of those about her.

Marion dear, ever since I can remember anything I have thought my mother the dearest, sweetest woman in the world. She brought up five children and I never saw her lose her temper or say one unkind word to any of us, or to any one else. I have had such lovely letters from so many who

knew her and loved her,
and they all mention her sweet
disposition. There will never be
any one like her to any of us, and
we can only thank God for
having given us such a Mother,
and I must try hard to grow
a little bit like her.

I felt my dear Father's death very
much, but I feel this more keenly.
I always knew I would. There is
no one like a Mother, is there?
But I had no idea I should not
be by her side when she should
cross the "great divide". But I
suppose it was all ordered so by
a Higher Power. And I must
submit and not grieve too much.

For dear Augus' sake I am trying
to be as cheerful as I can, for I
have him, and he is so kind and
tender, that I know Ma would
not want me to sorrow too much.
We hope to begin house keeping
about the first of September and
I am greatly in hopes that my
sister will come to see us on her
way to the West, later on. Her plans
are not at all settled now.
I have had to think of the house,
have had to go with Mrs. Loomis and
choose the wall papers etc. and go and
look at furniture, and though I do
not feel much like it, yet I am glad
I have it to do, it takes my mind up
with something else, and is much better
for me. We will not have much in
our home, but will have a spot to put
you or Mr. & Mrs. D. when ever you come to
Wretsarly. Am glad Mr. D. had such a good
time in Cleveland. Augus joins me in love
to you all. Thank you again for your kind letter.
Sincerely, John H. Morrison